ON THE
DEATH
OF
King JAMES. II

By a Lady.

IF the Poſſeſſion of Imperial Sway,
Thou hadſt by Death, unhappy Prince, reſign'd,
And to a Mournful Succeſſor made way,
Whilſt all was Uncontеſted, all Combin'd:
How had the Streets? How had the Pallace rung,
In Praiſe of thy acknowledg'd Worth?
What had our Numerous Writers then brought forth?
What Melancholly Dirges had they ſung?
What Weeping Elogies prepar'd;

Thus is that Gift (which Heaven did, ſure, beſtow
To Elevate the Hearts of Men,
And lead them to thoſe Bliſsful Seats again,
Whence all Harmonious Sounds, and Lofty Numbers flow)
Now, Mammon, turn'd thy Slave, to dig thy Mines below.

II.

But Royal *James*, tho' none ſhall pay this Verſe
Bred in a Land not Honour'd with thy Herſe;
But Royal *James*, who never ſhall Return
To Chear thoſe Hearts, which did thy Sorrows mourn,
Who never ſhall the Woes, the Wants repair,
Which for thy ſake, have been thy Followers ſhare,
Tho' with thy lateſt Breath ſuch Proſpects fled,
And all who ſaw thee die, now wiſh themſelves as dead.
Yet ſhall a Free, Diſintereſted Muſe,
In choſen Lines, perform that Task,
Which does an abler Writer ask;
But abler Writers will the Work refuſe:
And where, Alas! 'twill but the Feather coſt,
The Nobleſt Subjects for the Pen, are loſt.

III.

Elſe how would the Poetick Crew,
Thoſe publick Heraulds of Immortal Fame,
Unto the Preſent Times renew
All which the Paſt, did with ſuch Wonder view,
And down to future Ages would proclaim
What future Ages ſcarce would take for True:

When they deſcribe thee on the Stage of War,
Earlier than *Cæſar* far, (a)
And made thee, e're thy Tenth accompliſh'd Year,
Undaunted in the Liſts appear,
And Martial Lightnings ſee, and Martial Thunder hear:
Which *Cæſar* never prov'd, nor the Tenth Legion knew. (b)
Next had they ſhewn thee in the *Gallic* Hoſt,
Performing ſuch Stupend'ous Things,
As influenc'd the Fates of Kings;
Whilſt the beſt General which the World could boaſt, (c)
Tho' ready to reſign his Breath,
Aſſur'd his Troops they ſhould not feel his Death,
If that Illuſtrious *York* would fill th' important Poſt.
Thus would they, thy exalted Valour raiſe,
By *Turrenne* Form'd, and Stampt with *Turreme*'s Praiſe,
O'er Seas and Lands (as Seas and Land have ſeen
Thee greatly Brave) that Fame had ſounded been,
Which to the Skies was born, in *Opdam*'s fiery Blaze: (d)

(a) He was Born 1633, and was in the Battel at *Edgehill*, *Anno* 1642.

(b) The Tenth Legion was the moſt Valiant and Favoured of *Julius Cæſar*'s Legions.

(c) When very Young, he was in the *French* Service, and a Lieutenant General under Mariſchal *Turrenne* againſt the *Spaniards*, where he behaved himſelf with that Valour and Conduct that when *Turrenne* was ſo Sick, as it was thought he could not live; the King of *France* ſending for his Advice, who ſhould Command the Army, if he ſhould not recover: He anſwered the King, That if he would have his Affairs proſper, he ſhould make choice of that Noble, Valourous and Heroic Prince the Duke of *York*. .... In that Famous Action, when *Turrenne* Forced the *Spaniſh* Trenches altho' Defended by *Conde*) and Relieved *Arras*, the Duke of *York* behaved himſelf with remarkable Bravery, and was Wounded. As in the *French* Tranſlation of Cardinal *Mazarine*'s Life, written Originally in *Italian* by Count *Gualdo*.

(d) In the firſt *Dutch* War after the Reſtauration, the Duke of *York* Commanded the Fleet, Beat the *Dutch*, Blew up their Admiral *Opdam* in the *Orange-tree*. And in an Engagement afterwards, he behaved himſelf with that Bravery, that he was forc'd three times to change his Ship, and take himſelf to the Long boat, on which he hois'd the Admiral's Flag, and braved the Fury of his Enemies, till he recovered another Ship, which he parted not with

High o'er the Invading Fleet, the Veſſel roſe,
By thy prevailing Batt'ries driven,
Which, like a ſtreaming Meteor, dreadful ſhows,
Now threatning from the illuminated Air,
To all beneath it, Ruin and Deſpair,
As *Heathen* Wits had ſaid to have inkindled Heaven,
Till down at length, the Plague portended came,
And wrought ſuch various Deaths, that ſome muſt want a Name.

Oh Mighty Prince! for here thy darkned Lot,
Muſt be in this Reverſe of Sight forgot:
All muſt be Glorious, whilſt thy Youth we trace,
Whilſt ſheltering Waves ſhall *Britiſh* Shores imbrace,
Or whilſt our Records ſhall have place;
Where thy Rewards and Attributes are ſuch,
As ſhew no Gratitude was thought too much,
For keeping *England* then Superiour to the *Dutch*:
Whilſt theſe ſhall laſt, no Envy ſhall deface,
Of that Triumphant Day, th' Advantage and the Grace.

IV.

Yet even in Youth, War ne'er was thy Delight,
Nor led by thee, but in the Nation's Right;
Which well aſſerted, and the Soldier paid,
The Honour reſcu'd, and the Gainful Trade;
The Solid Buſineſs Wiſely done,
And each who ſhar'd the Generous Cauſe,
Poſſeſs'd too of the Share that He had won,
The warrantable Spoils, the Favour and Applauſe:
Again Commiſſions ceas'd, and Arms a-part were laid.

So Good Dictators Fought for ancient *Rome*,
And brought not ſingle Fame, but Peace and Plenty Home:
Nor bred new Striſes to keep that ample Sway,
But to the Plough return'd, could chearfully obey.
So had our *Charles*, whilſt reigning, Cauſe to own
(The Power recall'd, which his great Seal had ſhown)
The readieſt Subject ſtood the next his Throne.
O you who under *James* in Fight were try'd,
Who ſtrove Succeſsful by that Prince's Side,
Who've ſeen him brave the Cannons angry Breath;
For *Britain*'s Intereſt and Renown,
As if he'd Courted, rather than her Crown,
(Which was his Right of Birth) to merit it by Death.
O you who in his frequent Dangers ſtood,
And Fought to Fence them at the Expenſe of Blood,
Now let your Tears a heavier Tribute pay,
Give the Becoming Sorrow Way:
Nor bring bad Parallels upon the Times,
By ſeeking, thro' miſtaken Fears,
To Curb your Sighs, or to Conceal your Tears;
'Twas but in *Nero*'s Days, that Sighs and Tears were Crimes.

V.

Weep then ye Realms, who once his Sway confeſt,
Who, had he been of your Belief poſſeſt,
Amongſt the Kings that have laid down
(As all muſt do) at Death's cold Feet, the Crown,
Him had you ſure Inroll'd, and juſtly, with the Beſt:
Then *Alfred*'s Piety had Form'd his Praiſe, (e)
His Thoughtful Nights compar'd, and his Aſſiduous Days:

Then had that Providential Care,
Which kept the Treasury full, yet not the Subject bare,
*vii. Unto our Frugal *Henry* * been preferr'd,
Applauses of that Temp'rance had we heard;
By whose Example had excluded been
(f) What even *Eliza*'s Days brought in,
The wasting foul Excess, miscall'd, Good-natur'd Sin.

VI.

Weep ye Attendants, who compos'd his Train,
And no Observance spent in vain,
Nor ever, with uneasy Fears,
Contracted needful Debts, and doubled your Arrears.
All whom his Justice, or his Bounty fed,
Now Grateful Weep, and mix the silent Dew
(Which none will e'er suspect untrue)
With your imbittered Draughts, and since diminish'd Bread.
You who Subordinate in Publick Cares
For his Inspection, Model'd the Affairs,
Remember still, how easy your Access,
No Pleasures kept him from your Sight,
No late Debauch, no Revel of the Night,
No distant slothful Seat e'er serv'd as a Recess.
Open to all: But when the Seaman came,
Known by his Face, and Greeted by his Name,
Peculiar Smiles and Praises did impart
To All, his Prowess and Desert;
All had his willing Hand, the Sailor had his Heart:

Who

Who born an Islander, by Nature knew
Her Wooden Walls her Strength, her Guard the Naval Crew.

VII.

But draw the Rate, nor seek to Paint the Grief,
Which knows no Bounds, nor Meditates Relief;
Maria Weeps, with unexhausted Tears;
No Look that Beauteous Face, but Sorrow, wears:
And in those Eyes, where Majesty was seen
To warn Admirers, and declare the Queen,
Now only reigns incurable Distress,
Which, Royal *James*, thy Faithful Consort shows,
Who, by her different Grief, does too Confess,
That now, Alas! she the Distinction knows
'Twixt Weeping for thy Loss, or with thee for thy Woes.
No more the Diadem attracts her Sight,
Held but by Reflection bright:
Thoughts of Returning-Glory move no more,
Nor can she e'er receive what she possess'd before:
A Grave is all, she with her *James* can share,
And were it not for what he left, her Care,
How soon would she descend, and be his Consort, there.
Pleas'd better in that Fourth and Last Remove, (g)
Securely by thy unmolested Side,
From Life it self an Exile to abide,
Than in the experienc'd former Three,
Which yet she well sustain'd, accompany'd by thee:
Strong are the Bonds of Death, but stronger those of Love.

VIII.

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O *Britain!* take this Wish before we ceaſe:
May Happier Kings procure thee Laſting Peace;
And having Rol'd thee to thy own Deſire,
On thy Maternal Boſom late expire,
Cloſs in that Earth where they had Reign'd before,
'Till States and Monarchies ſhall be no more:
Since in the Day of unappealing Doom,
Or King or Kingdoms muſt declare,
What the ſad Chance or weighty Cauſes were,
That forc'd them to ariſe from out a Foreign Tomb.
O *Britain!* may thy Days to come be Fair,
And all that ſhall intend thy Good,
Be reverendly Heard, and rightly Underſtood.
May no Inteſtine Broils thy Intrails tear,
No Fields in thee be Fought, or Nam'd a-new in Blood:
May all who Shield thee, due Applauſes have,
Whilſt for my ſelf, like Solitary Men,
Devoted only to the Pen,
I but a Safe Retreat amidſt thee crave
Below the Ambitious World, and juſt above my Grave.

FINIS.